

cut, together with a text from the Bible. And this catches one at the heart, for it is always fine to give one's life. One reads the names of Germans and 18 years old, 19, 20, 30, 45, 51. And everywhere one sees: "*Ruhe sanft*" . . . "*Hier ruht in Gott*" . . . "*Dem Auge fern, dem Herzen nah.*" . . . And in the very heart of the place, in the midst of all these German dead, lie a French soldier and a Russian: "Here lies the French soldier ——" . . . "*Hier ruht in Gott Jegor Savonine, Gefangener d. russ. Armee, Gef. Arbeits.*"

A frank admission. Truly we dare not think of this poor Jegor Savonine, born in some Russian village, dragged into captivity, forced to make German trenches, and killed by a French shell at Trosly-Loire, where he now lies!

And one's mind comes back to all these German dead so arrogantly laid in French soil—to this lad of eighteen, this "Landsturner" of fifty-one, to all these men who rose at the call of their Emperor and made him the gift of their life. One would wish to salute them. . . . But all round this cemetery there lie these thousands of prostrate trees, many of which touch with their disconsolate heads the white wall behind which these dead sleep. And this village, flattened to the earth. And these families, savagely torn apart, carried off like cattle; all this happiness destroyed, all these tears of blood that have fallen, and this cry of an old woman: "Never—no, never shall I be able to have a light heart again." And here, a stone's-throw from this cemetery, there is this garden which waited only upon the breath of spring to blossom, whose vines and rose trees now lie low